Ægloga Quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning, rymyng and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptely he termeth Elysa.

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

TEll me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ptorne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the peare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like

Like April shoure, so stremes the tr
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy
Hobbinoll.
Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth m
But for the ladde, whome long I lo
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue
He plonged in payne, his tressed lock

Shepheards delights he dooth them
Hys pleasaunt pipe, whych made
He wilfully hath broke, and doth fo
His wonted songs, wherein he all o
Thenot.
What is he for a Ladde, you so lam
Ys loue such pinching payne to the
And hath he skill to make so excelle
Yet hath so little skill to hyde lou
Hobbinoll.
Colin thou kenst, the Southerne she
Him Loue hath wounded with a d
Whilome on him was all my care
Forcing with gyfts to winne his w

But nowe from me hys madding m
And woes the Widdowes daughte
So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bred
So now his frend is chaunged for
Thenot.
But if hys ditties bene so trimly d
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde som
The whiles our flockes doe graze
And we close shrowded in thys sha
Hobbinol.
Contented I: then will I singe hi
Of fayre Elisa, Queene of shephea
Which once he made, as by a spri
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall